Numb. 47.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Wedneſday** July 21ſt. to **Friday** July 23th. 1708.

Q. *I Deſire to know, whether the Wine, which our Saviour made out of Water in* Cana *of* Galilee, *was White or Red.*

A. Red, as we Conjecture, that the Miracle might be the more conſpicuous to the Teſtimony of the Eye, and this conjecture agrees with that Celebrated Monoſtick,

The Bajhful Water ſaw her God, and Bluſht.

Q. *What is the meaning of that Paſſage in* 1 Tim. 2. 15. *notwithſtanding She ſhall be ſaved in Child-bearing. For all hope to be ſaved, whether Married or not?*

A. She, that is (by a Figure cal'd Enallage) all Womankind, *ſhall be ſaved, δια τεκνογονιας, thro*, or, by the means of, *Child-bearing*: That is, by that Seed of the Woman, which broke the Serpent's head. And by this the Apoſtle intimates, that the ſame Sex, which was the Occaſion of our Fall, was, in compenſation, as it were, an Inſtrument in our Recovery: And therefore, tho' firſt in the Tranſgreſſion, had an equal Share in the Bleſſing of the promis'd Seed.

Q. *I deſire to know what Sex the Angels are of, and whether God Created them all, as ſome ſay, at the beginning of the World, or hath there been any further Increaſe of them to make up their firſt Number ſince their Creation*, &c.

A. Sex is a Diſtinction of Material Subſtances; and therefore Incompetent to Immaterial Beings. That Angels were created before the World, we learn from *Gen.* 3. Where we read both of an Angel of Darkneſs, *Ver.* 1. *&c.* And of Angels of Light *Ver.* 24. But how long they were Created before the World, and whether the Vacances of the Fain Angels were ſupplied, the Scriptures inform us not.

Q. *Gentlemen. I deſire to know, whether a Perſon born in a Popiſh Country, but of Proteſtant Parents, and Baptized in the Church of* Rome, *ought, when opportunity ſerves, to be rebaptiz'd by a Proteſtant Miniſter, tho' educated in the Principles of the Reformed Religion. Gentlemen, your ſpeedy Anſwer will ſatisfy your doubting Queriſt.*

A. The Corruptions of the Church of *Rome* do not render her Ordinations Invalid, nor conſequently her Baptiſms Ineffectual. For She profeſſes the Fundamental Articles of the Chriſtian Faith, tho' She adds ſuch a Miſcellanary of falſe an Unſcriptural Doctrines as is a clear and undoubted Vindication of us Proteſtants from the Charge of Schiſm, notwithſtanding our Non-complyance.

Q. *Is it your Opinion, that* faber quiſq; fortunæ ſuæ? *Or do you think, there's any ſuch thing as Fortune or Chance? If yea, pray deſcribe it as plain as you can, or at leaſt let us know how far, as you conceive, it affects Human Actions.*

A. If we wou'd be Chriſtians (as who of us wou'd not?) we muſt exclude blind Fortune from any influence on our Affairs, and acknowledge, what we learn from the Mouth of truth, that the very *Hairs of our head* (and we muſt own, that no Parts of us are more Inconſiderable than our Hairs, ſince we ſo freely part with them) *are All numbred*; are All at the diſpoſal of an over ruling Providence. We can never therefore aſſent to that miſtaken Maxim, unleſs we may underſtand it in this limited acceptation, that God frequently makes a Proſperous Eſtate to be the reward of our Induſtry, the Crown of our endeavours. And that to many of the Unfortunate he vouchſafes the Opportunities of ſucceſs, tho' they unhappily let them ſlip thro' a Willful Slothfulneſs, or a careleſs Inadvertency.

Q. *There is an Iſland in the Ægean Sea, on which, if 2 Children were born at the ſame Inſtant of time, and ſhou'd alſo Die at the ſame Inſtant of time, the life of the one wou'd ſurpaſs the life of the other by ſeveral Months. I deſire to know how it can be.*

A. The Queſtion was taken out of *Gordon*'s Geographical Paradoxes. But ſince that Author leaves his Paradoxes to the Solution of the Curious, we ſhall offer our thoughts upon the matter. But we muſt firſt premiſe, that the Queriſt has left out a Paſſage in *Gordon*, the want of which renders the Paradox incapable of Solution. For there the Children are ſuppos'd to live ſome Years.

Different Parts of the Iſland ſpecified, may be ſuppos'd to uſe different Courſes of the Moon; in one Place her Periodical, and in another her Synodical. And as the Latter is a larger revolution than the former, ſo within the compaſs of ſome Years the Difference will amount to ſeveral Months.

Q. *I preſume you have many Queries ſent you of moſt Subjects, as Satyrical Scurilous, Infamous; ſome Impertinent, Stupid, Abſurd; others Ingenious, Jocular, Sublime*, &c. *Now I deſire to know, whether you do anſwer them all promiſcuouſly, or which you are moſt inclined to anſwer.*

A. Why really Mr. Queriſt, you had e'en as good conſult your own Genius and ſtudy what Queſtions *You* can beſt Stare, and not which *Apollo* can beſt anſwer; we propos'd to anſwer all, and *conſe-*

quently all are welcome, but ſince variety is a *faſhionable* as well as *agreeable* amuſement here in London, Prithee draw us up a Queſtion compos'd of all thoſe Subjects you have nam'd, promiſcuouſly put together, and gueſs at our Inclinations by the Nature of our Anſwer

Q. *I would willingly know, what difference there is between the bray of an Aſs, and the Poſt Boy's Horn; I'll hold you a Flask of Burgundy,* as wiſe as you are, *you ſhall be blinded, and you don't diſtinguiſh between one, and the other.*

A. It had been but modeſt to have ſent us a Specimen of both kinds; however, ſince the Aſs has bray'd in this Queſtion, let the Poſt-Boy blow his Horn in the Next, and we'll undertake to explain the difference, without the trouble of being blinded by your Handkerchief, or treated with your Burgundy.

Q. *Gentlemen, my Curioſity leads me to ask the Original of* Tyburn, *and from whence that* fatal *Tree took it's Name.*

A. As to the antiquity of *Tyburn*, 'tis no older than the Year 1529, before *that* time, the place of Execution was in *Rotten-Row* in *Old-ſtreet*. As for the Etymology of the word *Tyburn*, ſome will have it proceed from the words Tye and Burn, alluding to the manner of executing Traytors at that place; others believe, it took its name from a ſmall River or Brook, once running near it, and call'd by the Romans *Tyburnia*: Whether the firſt or laſt Opinion is the trueſt, the Queriſt may judge, as he thinks fit: And by ſeveral Queſtions which have been ſent us by the ſame Hand-writing, all relating to the celebrated Triangle, we have reaſon to believe the Contemplations of the Author are oftner bent upon the Gallows, than thoſe of *Apollo*, or any one beſides him.

Q. *What is the true and Original Uſe of Accents in the* Greek *Tongue?*

A. The *Greek* Accents were Principally deſign'd to be Characteriſticks of Pronounciation. But in ſome words they were intended alſo to diſtinguiſh the Signification of them.

Q. *From the moſt Ancient and Numerous Society of* Cuckolds, *To the moſt Honourable and Learned Society of the Son's of* Apollo. *Gentlemen. A little of your help, or elſe we are undone, in this ſad Caſe we throw our ſelves at your Altar. We are laught at, and blamed for our Wife's Faults, and all, what we can ſay, will not perſwade People to the contrary; pray write a word to the Town in our favour, and run down thoſe Raskals which are the cauſe of our Affront; but may be, we ſpeak to our Adverſary, and ſo, We ſhall be laught at the more; yet we have a better Opinion of You then ſo, and expect that you will remember us, if you do, we will ſpread your Name as far as our Society extends it ſelf, and We think that is as far as you can deſire, aſſuring you, we ſhall for ever be your moſt Obedient Servants. Written by me* Seganarella, *Secretary to the ſaid Society. Signed by me for all the Society.* Sot in Town.

A. You deſerve your Cuckoldom for your Cowardiſe are you not a Powerful Army of your ſelves; have you not all Faculties, Arts and Sciences, before you, to raiſe Recruits in; and have you not a God, the Great *Vulcan* to lead you on to Conqueſt, with the Advantage of being Arm'd by Him, who made Armour for the Gods, beyond what your Enemies can pretend to; your Fronts being alſo Arm'd by your Wives, to their Terror: Add to this, the Stock of Patience you are naturally endow'd with beyond all Mankind, ſometimes as neceſſary for ſupport as Courage; nay, alſo a vaſt ſtrength of Friends even amongſt the Cuckold-Makers; for generally they are the Husband's Deareſt Friends, who Cuckold them, no others having ſuch Opportunities; and do you, who have ſuch Natural Strengths, and ſuch Powerful Allies, ask for further Aid.

The Perſon, who is Inclin'd to do ſomething for Reaſons beſt known to himſelf, ſhall, on Directions where, in the ſame hand, receive a Private Anſwer to his Queſtion.

Q. *When one Perſon ſhall Lay a Wager of a Bottle of Wine, with another, Whether the Loſer has a Right to Drink part of the Wine without the Winner's Conſent.*

A. Cuſtom gives the Loſer a Right of Participation, that being the End of Laying Wagers to be Spent; for they really Lay, but part of the Wager, it being done when the Perſons will not adventure the whole Money.

POEMS.

Q. YE *Sons of* Apollo,
Whoſe Brains are not ſhallow,
But Riſe in the Morning Early:
Pray tell us then clear,
What time of the Year,
The Egyptians *ſow'd their Barley.*

A. You ſeem, Sir, to wonder,
But ſure 'tis a blunder,
That the Barley i'th' Ear was diſplay'd;
And expos'd to the Hail,
Whence the Harveſt wou'd fail,
While other Corn lay long in the Blade.
That this effect would enſue,
We might know to be true,
Without any riſing Early:
For thus it muſt be,
In every Countrey,
Sow when they will their Barley.

Q. *Why doth the Prieſt*
Turn to the Eaſt,
When the Creed
He doth read?

A. In Number Four
Of th' Monthly Store,
What is askt,
Is Unmaskt.

Q. *The reaſon to the humble Queriſt ſhow,*
What makes th' inconſtant Sea to ebb and flow;
Or from what corner of the Ocean wide,
Proceeds to the neighboring Shore the flowing Tide;
Or in what part of that prodigious deep,
Does th' watry God his Royal Chariot keep.

A. Apollo, and his *Siſter Moon* combine,
To cauſe a Tide in the Expanded Brine,
Tis from the Middle of the Watry Sphere,
The Fluxes of the Ocean firſt appear.
Where, tell us, where, but in the Britiſh Deep,
Shou'd *Neptune* his Triumphant Chariot keep.

Q. *You Sons of bright* Phœbus,
Who in omnibus rebus,
Are fit to adviſe the diſtreſs'd,

Tell

Tell what you opine,
In this caſe of mine,
And your kindneſs ſhou'd e'er be confeſs'd.
I love a young Charmer in th' Eeves of nineteen,
Th' Angellical'ſt Creature, that ever was ſeen.
By her looks and her bluſhes her heart ſhould ſeem mine,
Pray tell me if that's an infallible ſign.
If not, pray may not I reaſon'bly blame her,
Since ubi eſt occulus, ibi eſt amor.
If you'l give me an Anſwer and keep to the Text,
And be ſure to inſert it on Wedneſday next.
When ever I marry you ſhall come to my Wedding.
As witneſs my hand a Subſcriber.

A. To ſay that your Judgment a little occult is,
Is needleſs, ſince you are *cum aliis multis*,
But ſince the diſtreſt we adviſe,
All doubts we'll defy,
And a Paradox try,
To make you a *Lover* and *wiſe*;
If a Lady you doat on, ſo Young, and ſo Fair,
Her looks are like Sunſhine, her words like the Air,
The *Clouds* of *Ill nature* the *firſt* may eclipſe,
And the *laſt* do too often, take Root in the Lips;
The Face is no *Indix* to ſet forth the Mind,
And the *Tongue* and the *Heart*, are *oft* widely diſjoin'd;
But He who aright, of his *Miſtreſs* wou'd gueſs,
Shou'd judge of her *Thoughts*, by what *Actions* expreſs;
This Sir, is our Counſel, and if you'll not hear it,
Tis *Ubi eſt Amor, ibi Aſinus erit.*

Divine Apollo,

Q. *Incompas'd with a thouſand Woes;*
Immerſt in wild and black diſpair;
To thee I come, in hopes you'l prove
Propitious to a Dying Fair.
My faithful Love is dead! ———
Shall I expire to eaſe my tortur'd breſt?
Or, will you try to charm my Grief to reſt?
From Diſconſolate Maria.

A. Alas *Maria*, whether has thy Grief
Drove thy Afflicted Soul to find Relief;
By voluntary Death to eaſe thy Pain!
Oh think what endleſs Woes for ſuch remain.
With ſov'reign Balm we'll cure thy wounded Mind,
And teach Thee more Subſtantial Joys to Find.
Weigh equally all Sublunary Bliſs,
How Faint, Infirm and Momentary 'tis;
Again, revolve a vaſt Eternity,
With thoſe extatick Joys above the Skie,
By theſe your Soul will be plung'd in Delight,
Whilſt thoſe for humbleſt Thoughts appear too (ſlight;
To theſe let your Ambitious Soul aſpire,
Supported by the bright Seraphick Quire,
You'l ſoon contemn, what You approv'd before,
And your Imagined Loſs, Afflict your Mind no more.

Q. *What's* Happineſs? *The Copious Word Explain,*
Which long, I've Lab'ring *ſought, yet ſought in vain.*

A. The Depth of Happineſs no Man can ſound,
Nor can we paint a Bliſs, that never yet was found.

Q. *Apollo's Sons, in whoſe bright Lines*
Your high Deſcent moſt clearly Shines,
Inform an humb'le, loving Queriſt,
Woo ſighs and dyes for cruel Dearest,
What Women mean by cold denying,
When by their Eyes 'tis downright lying.

A. When courted Virgins prove ſo ſhy.
And with their Words their Thoughts belye,
Tis Politickly done by *Dearest*,
To Ape the Practice of our Queriſt,
For while your Looks and Language doubly Lye,
Well may her Speeches contradict her Eye.

Q. *The People do talk*
That in Biſhopſgate *Walk,*
A Boy that your Papers there ſore'd,
Did with nimble Deſign,
Run away with your Coin,
And Faith 'tis but what You deſerv'd.
Now can you diſown,
You'ave Bubbled the Town,
Since the Caſe is ſo Vivid and Plain;
Ye Sons of the Sun,
Say where the Boy's gon,
Or we'll never believe You again?

A. Tho' he went, we were ſure
His Return to procure,
Our Eyes being every where;
Whatever You talk,
Ask of *Biſhopſgate* Walk,
And you'll find the Boy again there.
If from your Landlady
(And ſuch a thing may be)
With Cawd'e Cup You march away;
We need not our Eyes,
To diſcover the Prize,
For our Ears wou'd diſcover the *Bray.*

To Boileau, *Writer of the* French King's *Hiſtory.*

Hiſtorick Sir, thy Eloquence forbear:
What further Wonders can thy Pen declare?
No *New* Exploits to ſwell another Page,
Unleſs thou wou'd'ſt deſcribe thy Maſter's Rage,
And tell the World, with what Indignant thought,
He loſt the Glories, he ſo dearly bought.
But will thy Penſion Ceaſe, unhappy Scribe?
Does that alluring Charm thy Fancy Bribe?
Why then, go on, and let with pompous ſhow
Encomiums in their uſual Chanel flow.
With tuneful Voice advancing Fame reſound:
Thy Praiſe will Satyr prove, thy Flouriſh Wound.
Each ſprightly Thought ſprung from thy pregnant (Brain,
Will but Impeach a now Inglorious Reign.

While

While sharp Invectives make the Surface smart,
Thy smoother Elogies will reach the Heart,
With Glaring Wit the Borrow'd Lustre close:
Paint, where it can't Conceal, does but Expose.

SIR,

THE 2 Mails from Ostend which came in on Wednesday Morning last, and the Mail from Holland which came in very late that Night, brought the following Advices, That the Elector or Bavaria came to Strasburg on the 15th of this Instant in the Evening, with design of continuing there till he has fully inform'd himself with the Motions the Elector of Hannover will make on the other side of the Rhine. 'Tis advised from Paris, July 23d. That the Garrison of Tortosa, after signing the Articles of Capitulation, were to deliver up 2 Gates to the Besiegers, but were not to go out till the 15th with all the Marks of Honour; which were granted to them the more willingly by the Duke of Orleans, by reason the Horse must have suffered extreamly had the Place held out but a few days longer. That according to the Articles of Capitulation the Garrison consisting of about 3000 Men, including 2 very fine British Regiments, were to March the 15th thro' the Breach with 6 Cannon, 2 Mortars, Baggage, &c. and were to be conducted to Barcelona. And by one of the Articles, the Governour is obliged to cause the Castle of Arnes to be surrender'd to the Duke of Orleans. It is scituated on the River Algas, 6 Leagues from Tortosa. His Royal Highness has caused a great number of Pioneers to level the Trenches, Batteries, and other Works; and 4000 Masons are at work in repairing the Breach which the Cannon had made in the Wall, and that his Highness designs to continue his Army near that place for some time, to recover the Horse, which are reduced to a miserable condition. From Vienna, July 11th. 'Tis advised that the Marriage of the King of Portugal with the Archduchess Mary, was on Saturday last celebrated at Cloyster Newbourg, with the same Ceremonies as were used in the Marriage of the Queen of Spain, and after the Solemnity was over, that the Princess went over the Danube on a Bridge of Boats, laid for that purpose, to the Castle of Chorneburgh, where Her Majesty gave a splendid Entertainment to the Imperial Family, and this day returned hither to take their leave of Her Majesty, who sets out to Morrow for Dusseldorp and Holland. The Emperor has presented the Marquis de Villa Major, the Ambassador of Portugal, with his Picture set in Diamonds, of a much greater value than usual on such Occasions. From Brussells, July 23d. 'Tis said that the great Convoy of Provisions design'd for the French Army near Ghent, continues near Ipres, for fear of being intercepted by the Parties which the Duke of Marlborough is continually sending that way; and that the heavy Artillery from Sas Van Ghent, which consists of 70 pieces of Cannon and 23 Mortars, with a proportionable quantity of Powder, Bombs and other Stores, arrived in the Canal, under a strong Guard, Commanded by Monsieur de Pascal, Lieutenant-General and Governour of the City, besides this Artillery, 20 Heavy Cannon are expected from Maestricht, both which are to be sent to the Confederate Army which continues encamp'd about Werwick. The Letters from Menin mention, that the Allies are making large Magazines in that place, and that all the Meal and Corn they found in the Magazines at Warneton, will be carried thither, as well as all such as they can get at Armentiers and other parts. The Duke of Marlborough has sent a Detachment of Horse and Foot, which consist of about 10000 Men, to extend the Contributions into the very Heart of France. That Ipres is invested and will be besieged in form as soon as the Artillery arrives, which is soon expected. The Sluices of Ostend and Sas-Van-Ghent, being let out, have made it impossible for the Enemy to march off that way. The Royall Anne Man of War, is fitting up very richly for carrying over the Queen of Portugal: The Forces encamp'd in the Isle of Wight were embarking on Saturday last, and the Fleet that takes them on board are victualled for 4 Months. That on Tuesday Night last, Sir William Windham was Married to the Lady Catharine Seymour, one of the Daughters of the Duke of Somerset. Which are all the particulars from Yonr, &c.

Any Persons upon Directing their Letters (Superscrib'd for the *British Apollo*) to Mr. *Keeble* in *Westminster-Hall*, Mr. *Bickerton* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, Booksellers, or to the Printer hereof, may have this Paper brought to their Houses (in the City or Suburbs) at 2*s. per* Quarter, and the Monthly Papers at 6*d. per* Quarter more: Those who come within the Quarter, to have proportional Deductions at the End. Also Books of Guards neatly Bound, to keep them in, at 2*s.* a-piece. Likewise whole Sets from the Beginning, paying only 3*s.* 6*d.* for all before Midsummer, and the rest to go; at which Places Advertisements are taken in at 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Note, That they who live in the Country may appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them, or order some Inn-Keeper to pay for them Quarterly. For we cannot depend on the Payment of Carriers, since they come not in on those hours as our Servants can meet with them in their Walks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SOlos and Aires for a Flute and Bass, as also for a Single Flute. 6 Solos by *Archangelo Corelli*, for a Flute and a Bass. *Singers* and *Purcells* Solos for a Flute and a Bass. Mr *Pepusch's*, Solos for a Flute and a Bass. *Mr. Topham's* first and 2d Collection of Solos for a Flute and a Bass. Overtures and Aires for a Flute and a Bass, by several. *Mr. Demaur's* Aires for a Flute and a Bass. *Demaur's* Aires for a Single Flute. A Collection of *Scotch* Aires for a Single Flute. *Cox's* Aires for a Single Flute. A Collection of Grounds and Divisions for a Single Flute. Books of Instructions for Learners on the Flute.

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WHereas the Present State of ÆTHIOPIA, &c. in Folio, with Cuts, by Mr. *Aaron Hill*, should have been publish'd last *April* but was delay'd for filling the Subscriptions; This is to give Notice that the Copy is now sent to the Press, and that the Author will freedily advertise in the Publick News, where any who are curious, may see a considerable Number of printed Sheets work'd off, and the Rest as they come daily out of the Press; *Subscriptions* at half a Guinea down, and as much at Delivery, are taken in by Mr. *W. Keble* Bookseller, at the Black Spread Eagle in *Westminster-Hall*. *Note*, none of the Books will be Sold under 30 Shillings apiece.

WINE, a Poem Printed for William Keble at the Black-Spread-Eagle in Westminster Hall.

A Brief Treatise of the Eyes, in which not only the Structure of the same is Anatomically demonstrated, but the Distempers which for the most part are Incident thereto, are likewise distinctly describ'd. To which is added some particular Directions for Preserving the Sight: Together with a Table explaining the Terms of Art mention'd in the Treatise, thereby rendring the same Intelligible and Useful to all Persons. By William Crosse Professor of Physick and Oculist. Printed and Sold by John Morphew by Stationers Hall.

LOST from behind a Coach coming from Windsor on the 7th instant, a Portmanteau, Containing divers Sorts of Linnen, and a Bundle of Writings; if the Person, who found it, will bring it to Mr. Jones against the King on Horseback, Charing-Cross, he shall have 5 Guineas Reward.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Press*, against *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-street*. Where Advertisements are Taken in.